THE UNREMEMBERED DEAD.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE, They lived, they suffered, this we know, Yet see how vacant are their places. Where are they now? Where did they no? Those yearning, asxious human faces,

They must have loved the sweets of earth, Have loved what we now love and treasure; They must have had their tests of mirth, Their fill of pain, their scanty pleasure.

Why, then, is all so shadowy, So dreamlike and so sitent here? There should be left some memory, However faint-some vestige dear,

Here once, like us, they halled the dawn;
Their children must have gamboled here.
And yet how heedless life goes on,
Without a pause, without a tear.

They were our kindred souls, and though They left behind no trace of glory, till something of their lives we know— Our beating hearts tell us their story.

Phantoms! Are there no Phantoms here, Spirits of the Forgotten Dead? Yes, there are Phantoms everywhere—

Shapes that we dream, not specters dread. We cherish life—we would not die; We long to live in memory still; We dread Oblivion—this is why

With ghosts we people vale and hill, NEW YORK CITY.

FATHER AND I.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

I had ridden all day, and now, at sundown, I found myself in an isolated | ready to retire. spot, without any prospect of a decent night's lodging.

No sign of a habitation could I see, as I peered this side and that in the dusky shadows-nothing but hilly, sparsely timbered country, as far as the eye might discern.

I had started some six weeks previous for the cheap lands in the West, intending to purchase a home with the little allowance I possessed, I had been rather unfortunate all my life. When a mere child, my father went to the frontier, and my mother, after having looked in vain for word from him for a year or more, concluded that the Indians had murdered him-they at that time being in a state of hostility -and gathering her little all about her, went back to New York, brokenhearted and disconsolate. In a few months after her arrival she sank into the grave, leaving me a penniless orphan.

A gentleman of her acquaintance adopted me and removed me, with his family, to Indiana, before the grass grew green on my mother's grave, and thus hurried me away from all I held dear on earth, and many were the bitter tears shed in the deep woods of Hoosierdom in memory of the lonely grave near Utica.

Nevertheless, when I became of age I remembered, in looking over the past, that I had had a kind father in my foster-parent, and when he gave me quite a little sum and a sprightly pony, saying, "Go West, Clifford, and get rich," I started at once.

As a sequel, at the close of a cold, raw November day, I found myself toiling over a winding, isolated road, bound for somewhere, I hardly knew

Dismounting, I slipped the rein over my arm and concluded to walk down the rocky declivity before me; as I proceeded slowly, wondering where I might camp out for the night. I came suddenly on an old man, with a bundle on his back, at a turn in the road.

He looked up with a quiet "Good evening," and turned aside to let me "Could you tell me," I said, where I might find a shelter for the

He looked at me again steadily for a moment, then, without answering my question, asked cautiously where I bailed from.

"From Indiana." I replied. "I am hunting a fortune in the great West, and I rather think I have struck a poor section to-day."

"I guess ve have, sir; but just be-youd these hills lies a beautiful strip of farming land," he said.

"As to your stopping for the night," he continued, shifting his bundle a little, "if you're not over particular as to commodations, why, I reckon you can bunk with me; and your nag can do very well in the shed with a bunch o' fodder. 'Tain't the finest in the world, stranger, but it is the best I know of, 'nless you go ten miles further up the creek."

"I shall be very thankful for your hospitality," I said; and we trudged on together in the gathering night, until we came to another road branching off into the scattered timber.
"I live up here a ways," heremarked,

turning abruptly is to the dimly outlined way. A quarter of a mile further on and we came to his domicile. "Here's where I stay," he said, opening the door to a rude log but which seemed to have grown into the side of a hill.

On entering I found it quite comfortable on the inside, despite the unpromising exterior. "Now rest yourself," he said, putting down his bundle and striking a light, "while I give your nag a bite under the shed." With this "Yes the old man laughed a little, as a sort of apology, I thought, and disappeared my long-lost Harry-my dear little

I sat thinking. Somehow I rather liked his looks. Not so very old, he seemed cheerful, notwithstanding his gloomy surroundings, and I wondered why he was here alone, "Wife is dead," I thought, looking about me around the plainly furnished, one-roomed abode. "Maybe a confirmed old bachelor, or-a notorious character hiding from justice, and one who intends finishing me for his own aggran-

This suggestion made me shiver and I sat revolving it in my mind until it reemed the most natural thing in the world, and by the time he returned I was in good trim to watch every movement of the unususpecting old man as he busied himself about the evening

"A short mag is soon curried," he said with a smile, arranging the corn bread, bacon and coffee on the table. I was somewhat taken aback, however -in the evil prompting considerablywhen mine host of the cabin bowed his head reverently and asked God's bles-

wing on the frugal repast.
"Well!" I thought, "he surely isn't

fitting locality for 'epentance of the I came West again and lived alone.

deepest kind.
"What might your name be?" he asked, as he handed me the second cup of coffee.

former quiet demeanor, but said noth-

After the repast he took a pipe from the shelf and asked me if I smoked. Upon my replying that I did not, he filled the corn-cob invention with homemade twist and sat down to enjoy a whiff by himself.

"I don't use tobacco much" he said apologetically: "but I generally smoke afore I go to bed, a pipe or so; it kind of drowns trouble." "Then you have had trouble?" I

asked. "Yes, young man, a great deal of sorrow, though youngsters can't understand it by the telling," he replied,

My heart softened toward the old man as he sat thoughtfully looking into the fire, while the light danced over his long, gray beard.

with a sigh

I had a great curiosity to find out more of his history; but he revealed nothing more, and, as I was fatigued with the journey of the day, I was

"You can sleep with me, or bunk on the settee," he said, at bedtime. I preferred to sleep alone, and forthwith he drew from a great red chest in the corner of the room a couple of heavy comfortables and proceeded to make up a the nature of which physicians were bed for his guest on the aforesaid "set- unable to determine. After her death

I forgot my suspicions as I rolled up in my impromptu couch and dozed off her death, obtained the consent of the to restful repose

was awakened suddenly by some one's the effects of which she died. He acbreath in my face.

truly it seemed to me, just then, a I couldn't find a trace of either of you,

After passing to wipe away the glittering tears, he continued: "I've a good piece of farming land, Harry, a when I told him, he gave a little it now, as I'm not able to work much, start and eyed me curiously for a mo-ment, before he settled back into his live with them, I suppose," he said,

presently, "but I'd rather not.
"But," and his old face brightened wonderfully in the dim firelight, "the man's time is out in the spring and he wants to go South; so we'll go over and manage the farm, won't we, Harry?" And I, more bewildered than ever,

and overcome with happiness and good fortune, murmured, "Yes, father." Well, we did go over to manage the farm; and I invested my means in improvements, so that we now are getting

That old gentleman sitting there on the porch is my father, whose story you've heard in part; and that lady flitting about the house in there is my

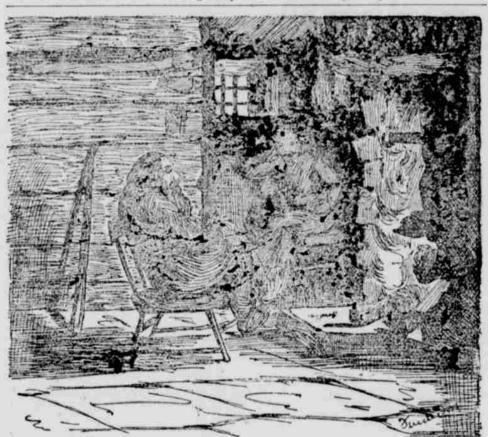
along finely.

Happy? Oh, yes; we are very happy in our cozy Western home; and I often look at father and remember the old man with a bundle who seemed so willing that I should lodge with him.

Wood in Her Stomach.

A case which is likely to attract the profound attention of the medical minds of the State has been developed

in Burlington, Ala.
Mrs. J. J. Murphy, the wife of a laborer, died recently after a short illness of some disease of the stomach, Dr. Steves, who had been her attending physician for two weeks prior to dead woman's husband to make an au-How long I slept I know not; but I topsy, to ascertain the disease from cordingly opened the stomach and A chill of horror ran through my found most surprising conditions. On



*MY HEART SOFTENED TOWARD THE OLD MAN AS HE SAT THOUGHTFULLY LOOKING INTO THE FIRE."

tion of the early evening! Perhaps he meant to see, only, if I terial. the cold steel plunged into my unfor- had it been there before death enaued? tunate head each minute; but it seemed | Mrs. Murphy, two weeks before her

me in absolute silence. old man as he, proceeding with his strange vigil, knelt by my side.

lids, the aged head bending lower, unmy upturned face.

I could stand it no longer. Thinking the desired effect. that, perhaps, I had lodged after all with some crazed old being. I opened my eyes and moved my hands as if Dr. Steves called in Dr. Davis, and waking from deep slumber.

"My son!" he said, softly and tenderly, looking into my wide-open eyes, discover the nature of her trouble. There was something in the voice and fervency of tone and manner that lady was so weak that the chances were made my blood tingle and my heart that she would die under the knife, and throb faster. I sat up and gazed at the bright, happy face of mine host. "Your son?" I queried, a strange feeling of conviction taking possession about 2:30 o'clock, she died.

"Yes," he replied, taking my hands in a warm, trembling clasp. "You are

"Am I?" I asked, in a bewildered way; "I feel that I must be."

"Yes." continued he; "when I came in from feeding your pony I thought you resembled my boy, as I remembered him, a great deal. That was why I asked you your name, and when you answered me, 'Harry Clifford,' I sure of it; but I didn't want to make a mistake, so after you were asleep I ran my fingers over your temples to fair perchers on the stairs and surveydizement," whispered an evil genius in a scar I was sure you must still ing the somewhat startling view that a carry. You got it by being terribly collection of decollete girls will provide hurt once with a stone, I remember. to a spectator above them, when I And the scar is right here; I s'post heard the little girl in a heliotrope you've noticed it often," and the hand gown observe to her companion that went up again to my temple and Dolly So and So, who was evidently touched a small calloused spot which I

had often taken notice of.

"Yes," I exclaimed; "I remember the fall over the rocks at Tully, father." At this he broke down and wept in to sparkle on, too!" my arms for some minutes. It is needless to say that I, too, shed tears.

Thus, in that lonely spot, in the don't they? What does it mean when cheerless, cold autumn night, the aged a star is printed alongside of a word?" man found his son whom he had man found his son whom he mourned as dead for years; and I had the boy, promptly.

"Oh yes," said the heliotrope maiden. found my father.

"They told me you were both desd." an excaped convict, unless he has re- he said. "when I got away from the In- be sure!" - Kamera's Bar Harbor cented here among the hills." And digns that took me captive; and when letter.

veins. Was he going to kill me? O, | each side there was a mass of fibrous that I had taken warning of my intui- matter, and on the right side a large rag was wrapped up in the fibrous ma-

was asleep, so that he might ransack | Dr. Steves removed the entire stommy luggage. I kept quiet as possible ach from the body and made a close while the old fellow reconnoitered. He examination. It was ascertained that touched my forchead presently; gently the fibers were of wood. The mass as and cautiously at first; but when he taken from the stomach was then supposed I still slept, he ran his fin- weighed and tipped the beam at exgers along over my left temple care- actly two pounds. Then the question fully several times, as if searching for arose, how did so much wood get into something. I fully expected to feel the woman's stomach, and how long-

ages to me that the old man bent over | demise, summoned Dr. Steves and complained of the most exeruciating I could hear the wind whistling with- pain in her stomach. She said she had out, and now and then the rain on the been suffering from these pains for narrow window; and, too, I could years, and she was at a loss to know hear the suppressed breathing of the what they were attributable to. She mentioned incidentally that she had been a great snuff-dipper for many I could see, through half-open eye- years. Dr. Steves made an examination, but could discover no symptoms til presently the withered lips were of disease, and told her so. He adpressed to my brow, and a tear fell on ministered some medicine, thinking it would give relief, but it did not have

The woman soon began to get worse, and about a week ago began to sink. the two had a consultation and made another full examination, but could not An operation was discussed, but the this had to be dropped. The physicians did all they could for her, but to no avail, and Wednesday afternoon,

The only reasonable theory that can account for the appearance of the two pounds of wood in the stomsch is that at various times Mrs. Murphy swallowed small pieces of her snuff-brushes, and the mass was the accumulation of years. The presence of the rag amid the wood cannot be accounted for. It was two or three feet long, and closely imbedded in the wood.

"See Further Down."

I was coming down from my room, carefully picking my way between the sitting on a stair below them, had a lovely diamond staron her neck that evening

"Yes, by Jove!" responded the youth, "and what a jolly place it has "Let me see," said the girl, musing, They put stars into books, sometimes,

"It means see further down," replied "What a clever girl Dollie is, to be

PRETTY TUXEDO PARK.

ONE OF THE MOST PRETENTIOUS OF SUMMER RESORTS.

The Visitors Constitute a Cl'que of Exclusive "Ladies and Gentlemen" of Wealth-Some of the Fads and Characteristics of the Place Fushions in Nurse-

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.] HIS is the Garden of Eden from ch Actor Kyrle dellew was ex-pelled last year, not because he was wickedly eating of forbidden fruit, but because he was not deemed social-ly good enough to indulge in Tuxedo fruitage along with fruitage along with the swells who dominate the place. Mrs. James Brown

Potter quitted too, and her cottage is empty, as her husband is spending the empty, as her husband is spending the season at Newport. There is no disposition to revive a year-old topic, but merely to make it clear, by a reminiscent illustration, that Tuxedo is one of the most pretentious of our rural resorts. Its residents are fond of calling it "exclusive." Nobody can settle there without being first voted into the organization, which is like a club in its system of black-balling. The members are the reform conbailing. The members are therefore considered indisputably ladies and gentlemen when they get into Tuxedo.

It is not clear that there is any provision for terminating their membership when they cease to be exquisite.

A girl may go horseback riding there all alone, without a groom, if she cares to,



AN UNESCORTED EQUESTRIENNEL

That would be an impropriety in Central Fack, you know, and at any of the inre-strictedly public summer resorts. If the equestrian be not accompanied by a male companion, she must have a mounted ser vitor several rods to the rear; but this rule is intermitted at Tuxedo, and une-corted equestricanes may be encountered in the

loneliest of the roads, Luncheons are the fad at Tuxedo. Some very clabo ata ones have been given. They are sometimes served in lawn tents, arbors

or even with no other sheller than trees.

The growing fashion of elaborate lunchcons, which are dimers in all but name," said a swell matron to me, "is to be regretted. People say very truly that when they dine at six or seven o clock, a substantial midday meal is indispensable; but no one can possibly equire soup and fish twice a day, and lunch on may offer all that is necessary in the way of sustannines without osing its pleasant attributes of simplicity. unceremonlousness, and avoldance, so fa as convenience permits, of much attendnnce. Many people whose resources are hardly equal to a dinner party can manage successful little luncheous, and it will be



PAIN LUNCTIONS.

pity if the multi-lication of courses and consequent formal ty of service puts thes also beyond their power."

But the moneyed and leisurely wemen of wealth make these occasions as form dable as banquers. The picture of these lunchers shows three of the newest and most modish of tolets for outdoors in early fail. feminine readers may accept them as authoritie indications of automa factions. The year y also care to be told that Tuxedo favors the floral con and must to match, made entirely of pale Neapolitan violets, with a cluster of Marechal Niel roses placed with an effect which is most artistic and charming. They have a great additional charm from the fact that they are delicately scented with the perfames of the natura sent. In several instances girls have worn a boa and must of real flowers at a cost of not less than \$5% and from that up to \$100. for a display that began the afternoon wit! resh violets and roses, and was willed an

worthless ere nightfail. A new fan carried at a Tuxedo luncheon simulated a rose. When closed it looked a bag; unturied it exactly resembled a fullblown rose; and as they were scented with the delicious perfume of the queen of flowers, the illustration was complete. An-other fact is that the girls often look like fluily "layors" prepared for a party by being tied around the middle with ribbon. The brond ansies, which are more popular than ever, are now being made of the most elaborate materials, white satins richly embroidered and fring d with gold being very much worn in this fashion. They are actached, too, on the side with most luxurious fastenings, many of them taking the form of diamond stars or creseents. This may perhaps serve as a hint to intending bridegrooms on the lookout for novel and acceptable gifts for the attendant maids.

"Il luncheon be allowed thus to swell and fourish and encroach on the boundaries of dinner," said the same lady whom I have good to be a latter meal will soon begin to

quoted, "the latter meal will soon begin t windle and languish, until its attenuates form at length acquires the semblance i not the name of those light suppers where not the name of those light suppers where-with our grandfathers supplemented their heavy midday repast. To people whose day is fully occupied, and to whom the dinner bell as at present timed is a wel-come signal of cessation of work, such a change could not fail to be most incon-venient; but whether it would be generally beneficial or the reverse to digestion I am unable to say. In regard to that important unable to say. In regard to that important matter, there seems to be room for some improvement on our present system of meals, for one cannot but remark the increasing number of peo-ple who appear atraid of their food and who look askance at all that is palat-able and tempting. Young felks especially, to whom for a score of years to come indi-cation should be an unknown terror, are often quite difficult to cater for on this necount, shaking their heads with the solemnity of sixty, and quoting the doctor's

prohibition over dainties which their more robustly hungry elders dispose of without hesitation or stint. This sort of thing is

hesitation or stint. This sort of thing is due in a great measure to doctors, who have discovered, no doubt fortunately for their patients, that diet is of more importance than medicine, but who apply the principle rather too indiscriminately."

Nobody can trutafully say that the rich mothers at fuxedo are careless in the feeding, or in any other attention, concerning their babies. Only last week an expert medical woman was brought down from a New York infantile hospital to lecture on New York infantile hospital to lecture on nutriment for the youngsters in long clothes, and the subject is something of a fad here. It might be worth while of the manufacturers of baby food to get up a competitive exhibition and examination here, for surely an award of superiority by Tuxedo mothers would be very valuable for advertising pur-



poses. When it comes to the employment and treatment of nurses, the utmost whimsicality is indulged in, and some of the nursemaids find considerable fortune in nursemaids find considerable fortune in their pretty faces, for they get extravagant wages if remarkable for beauty, and their occupation consists principally in sitting around with the babies in their laps. One of the New York intelligence offices makes a specialty of providing handsome girls for this purpose, and charges fees ranging, under one pretext or another, as high as fifty dollars in one instance for a vertable fifty dollars in one instance for a veritable treasure—an Aleatian girl of wondrously delicate and refined loveliness. A mistake was made in filling one order, however, although the nursemaid consigned to the Tuxedo customer was comely enough. She was a pink-and-white blonde. "And how do you think that sort of a girl would make my brunette baby look?" the mother wrote back: "I must have a dark-complexioned

Laziness was never more fashionable at any time or place than now at this park. Even the coddled intants are no more inert than many of the grown-up residents. It may be that the minds of the adults are more active, but their favorite reclining attitudes and vacuous state of countenance do not show it. It is only fair to say, however, that the women are more active than the men, and it is with the more vontains males that we find a new importation of London dandyism. It is called the Earls-wood totter, and it consists of the familiar dawdling, dragging natt of a tanguid swell, carried further into facefdity by earrying the hands dangling vest-high in ront. You have seen women carrying their hands in



SMITH SENIOR.

that manner often enough, but for a man it s singularly effeminate and silly looking

Ve it is a growing affectation.

Within an hour I have seen the senior and junior members of a distinguished Wall street firm, a lather and a sen, noted in the financial world for the act vity and colority of their operations. We will call them Smith and son. The old man sat alone on the turi, dreamily enough a eigar, but peri aces scheming away under cover of his fistlessness and seeing a unrity of Wali street success in the smoke which he sent into fleeev wreath. The son lay on his back on the same mwn, and was smoking, too. But the smoke which he made hazily enveloped a pretty and eligible girl. hazily enveloped a pretty and eligible gift, and it was supposable that his eastle in the air had her for its mistress. But she was wide awake enough, and lovingly faming him. If you should happen to tall selvep, she remarked, at least you wouldn't be in danger of the mishap that belief our riend threa, the other day. She blackens ber eye-lishes, you know. You didn't? Well, she does load them with black pigment until it wasn't any wonder that they felt heavy. She took an necidental nap in an arm-chair on the chib-house veranda, and, listen! she didn't open her eyes when she awoke. She coul n't. The heat and perawoke. She coul n't. The heat and per-spiration had softened the black stuff, so that her eye-lashes were just glued tog ther, and positively she had to grope her way



to the lavatory, to wash up, before she could separate her eye-lashes. Teapsichone.

Her Bonnie Brown Hair.

Such a thing as wearing different sorts of bangs on various occasions is common enough among girls, a Boston correspondent of the Albany Argus is led to believe. - And this reminds him of a young woman he knows who affects a good deal of the lack of sentiment and excessively common sense ways characteristic of the Boston girl. One evening not long ago a young man whom she cordially disliked had been making her a visit, gushing over as usual in his conversation with idiotic compliments. At length, with an air and accent designed to be quite irre-sistible and heart-crushing, he said:

"My dear Miss P., your hair is so beautiful. Should I be venturing too gross a liberty if I begged you to give me one little lock of it?"

"Not at all, Mr. K.," replied the lady in a matter-of-fact tone. "You are quite welcome."

And with that she deliberately detached a small curl from above her pink little ear, on the left side, and gravely presented it, hairpin and all, to the unfortunate dude. Of course he took it. He could not perceive that there was anything else to do.

THE increase of the amount of tonnage passing through the Suez Canal is claimed to be due in a great measure to the lighting of the canal by electricity, admitting of its use by night as well, as by day.



JAX SMITH felt exceedingly disagreeable that morning. His wife was cross, baby cross, Ajax cross himself. He was late for the car, and Just as he neared the

barber shop he realized that he had barely ten minutes to spare. Coming toward the barber shop from

an opposite direction was a man, and the way he acted convinced Ajax that he was also after a shave. "I'll get there first or bust!" growled

He accelerated his walk; the stranger did the same. Ajax glared at the latter as he ran bang against him just on the threshold, but Ajax got in first. He darted a triumphant look at the stranger as he seated himself in the

"I'll fix you!" he muttered. "Daring to try to get ahead of me! Hair-cut, barber!

"Yes, sir."

"Shampoo, barber!"

Yes, sir. "Shave, barber!"

"Yes, sir." "And-and-trim my mustache, bar-

The stranger sat; he yawned. Ajax arose from the chair and glanced at the

"An hour and a quarter!" he chuckled. "It's made me late, but I've taught that churl a lesson. He won't try to get ahead of me next time. He can have his shave now-ha! ha!"

Just then a customer came in. To Ajax's profound surprise the waiting man whipped off his coat, advanced to a chair, and said, insinuatingly:

Shave, sir?" Ajax's jaws dropped. The man had not been waiting for a shave at all.

He was-the other barber !- Chicago Ledger.

Trapping Mosquitoes.

Three or four men were sitting on the piazza of a seaside cottage, smoking. It was evening. The stars were as thick in the sky as freekles on a redheaded girl's face. The waves came in on the beach with a swish-swashswosh just as they have done ever since

the second day of the creation. More piercing than the song of the waves were the notes, and more multitudinous than the stars of heaven the number of the mosquitoes that haunted that piazza, and every one of them was "looking for blood." The men had ceased smoking for fun. They now puffed their pipes and cigars to keep the mosquitoes away.

"Something funny about mosquitoes," said one, rather absent-mindedly.

"Yes, rather," was the drawling reply.

"Funny how much blood it takes to fill one of them up." "No; but honest, now, do you know that if a mosquito 'd get his bill down

into your hand he can't pull it out while you hold your breath?" "Don't believe it."

"It is true, however, for I have tried it." "Bet you the cigars a mosquito can take his bill out at any time he wants

to do it, and we will try it right here. Is it a go?" "It is, and I'll let them try." A lamp was lighted, the cigars put out, and all waited. In less than a minute a mos-

quito had placed himself on Tom's hand and begun operations. "Now," said Tom, and placed the foretinger of his other hand down close to the mosquito. It did not budge. He placed his nail against the abdomen of

the insect and whirled it around. Still it remained fixed. "You can do it every time," said Tom, as he killed the mosquito and drew a

long breath. It is a fact. Go and try it .- Boston

Family Pride.

If people who are troubled with that form of egotism which they are selfflattered into believing is "family pride" would catch hold of the idea that in this republican country every tub stands on its own bottom, and that nobody can disgrace them except themselves, they would escape much misery.

The sad case of the three ladies in Washington, belonging to "one of the oldest families in the District," who have gone insane as the result of brooding in private over the shocks to their pride, illustrates the folly of this tendency. One of their troubles was due to the fact that a half-brother contracted a marriage some years ago which was kept secret for several months, the wife being known during the time by her maiden name. Another brother, a ne'er-do-well, "accepted a position" as marker in a billiard-room.

What is there in either or both of these occurrences to cause a poignant feeling of personal disgrace in the mind of any relative of the parties who was not responsible for them? An honorable secret marriage, with true affection as a basis, is much more creditable than the open sale of themselves for money which many "poor but proud" daughters of old families consummate. The "black sheep" of a family may disgrace himself, but there is neither rhyme nor reason in his sisters and brothers taking upon them-

selves any of the shame. The "old family" pride is one of the most absurd and illogical of all the survivals and apings of aristocracy in a republic of equal cirizens. Some of its vagaries are amusing, but the Washington case is pitiful. - New York World.

A GENTLEMAN meeting one of his friends who was insolvent expressed great concern for his embarrassment. You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply. "'tis not I, 'tis my creditors who are embarrassed."